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Chapter 1 by XOXkitkatXOX

The bumps been there since I was a little kid. Some people called it an ingrown mole on the back of my neck. But what they didn't know, was that they were being watched.

The person that put it there, Geoffrey, confronted me about it when I was thirteen, telling me it was part of some experiment that was slowly killing him. He wanted me, "The Lab Rat", to continue it. He told me that the chip was a camera that was set up to my eyes somehow, and that it records everything I see and hear.

He waited a whole year to explain to me what I would be doing. But I still don't know why he needs it. On my fourteenth birthday, his last dying words were instructions.

He told me that every day after school I would go straight to the lab, use the knife set out for me, and cut open a little hole big enough for about a quarter of an ounce of blood. The blood should have a greenish tint to it, and if it didn't, I'd need to try again with another finger. I would put it in the little medicine measuring cup that was set out for me, and pour it down the chute. The other workers would take care of it.

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Chapter 2 by -



My fingers are soar from being punctured so many times. I have tiny red marks on them. No one is believing my lousy excuses for having these bloody lines. My mom thinks I am cutting myself... She wants to take me to a psychiatrist. But I can't. I know I can't trust myself to not give in to the pressure, to tell the reason why.

So I have locked myself in the laboratory. To hide from the world. To keep this fatal secret to myself.

But I am young. I don't want to die. I want to live. To be normal. I don't want to be some old man's experiment, a guinea pig for a dead man.

Maybe the workers can tell me what the purpose is, why they need my green-tinted blood.

I can't go on not knowing any longer...

Chapter 3 by XOXkitkatXOX



I walk over to the wall of food on the right side of the room. It looked like he had been collecting it for years. Geoffrey obviously thought he was gonna be there for a lot longer. Or that I would be there a lot longer.

I count up the food, and do the math. If I ate three meals every day, I wouldn't run out of food for sixteen years.

"Hey, Lab Rat!" someone yells out from the corner of the room. I turn, and see a man in a wheelchair, lurking in the shadows. He pulls the wheelchair forward, and he's wearing all white.

He had a long overcoat on, and grey glasses. I back up onto the wall and say "Who are you?"

"Well, let's just say I'm another Lab Rat." The man says, pulling the wheelchair closer. I push my back against the wall, squishing some of the bread. "Careful there, there'll only be fourteen

years worth if you keep that up!" he continued.

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"How'd you get in?" I ask. I point to the wall to his left. He looks at my face with a confused look on my face. He senses my confusion.

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"There's a hidden door through there. See the crack?" I look again, and see the crack going from the floor to the roof. I nod, and he walks over. "The walls made of a special kind of stone that Geoffrey made, making it nearly weightless. Here, try to pull it apart." He says, leading me over.

"But, how did he make it? Where does it lead? Does it lead to the same place that the blood goes? Are there more people down there?" So many questions floated around in my head.

"Woah, there! Calm down, you're gonna hurt yourself! It'll all make sense when we're done here, capiche?" he says, making the okay symbol with his thumb and his index finger. I nod, scared to open my mouth and choking on the words that might fall out.

He places his fingers in the crack, and pulls it apart, making no sound whatsoever. He closes it again, then signals for me to try. "There you go, now you know how to get to me if there's ever any trouble!" he exclaims. He points to a camera that I never noticed before. "There are cameras in a couple different places around the room, so we'll see if you're ever in any trouble.

He walks back to the wall, and goes through, leaving me with my mouth wide open. I had so many words racing through my mind, trying to find one that could explain the feelings I was feeling. Only one word came to mind.

Intimidating...

Chapter 4 by -



But I was determined to find out the truth, at any cost. My worst fear was that I would die before knowing my purpose. Before realizing my importance.

It was all so puzzling. The secret door, the stash of food, the strange old man, the cameras... Everything.

And yet, I kept on. Day after day cutting myself, dropping the blood down the chute, and just living as a "Lab Rat." This went on for about two weeks, and then I began feeling terribly ill. Sick

enough to die.

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This is when Dr. Leno came and I was told that I was vital.

Chapter 5 by

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"I would normally do a blood transfusion in this case, but since your blood is the essence of why you must live, I can't do that." Dr Leno leaned over his instruments and felt my pulse. He began reading off charts and crazy diagrams to his nurses.

"Okay chap, you have been through a lot already. I am just going to give you this shot here, directly to your heart. It will slow down your aging process and give me more time to find a cure for the disease that has infected your body..."

The last thing I remember is Dr. Leno stabbing me with a long, thick needle. And watching in slowly drain into my heart...

Chapter 6 by Nate Gardner



I wake up on the floor of the laboratory. I must have passed out from shock, shock at a long, thick needle being plunged into my heart.

It is time to give blood again. I grab the knife and cut the hole I have been making for as long as I can remember. No greenish tint. I try again. Same result.

Three more holes, and I run out of fingers on my left hand. I remember Geoffrey telling me to try again if the blood does not appear green. I know the experiment is important, but I sense that something is wrong. I will not drain myself for whoever is running this operation. I stare down the chute and decide not to give blood today.

Hours pass. Although I can no longer see the sky, it feels like night time. With all the cameras around, someone must have seen my act of defiance. Sure enough, the secret door opens. I turn around and gasp. I know the face.

"We missed your deposit today."

I know the voice too.

Geoffrey

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Chapter 7 by JBL & GRI Lemaitre



"I've run out of fingers. No more."

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"Oh bullshit. Come here!" He examined my hands. "No pain to your right hand." He poked all five fingers on my right hand. "As I thought."

When he punctured my right pinkie, the green blood came down.

"Now then. Doctor Leno needs to see you."

Geoffrey and I walked down the secret corridor to the worker's department. They had a giant glass vat full of my green blood. A single drop fell into it as I watched.

"As you can see, we have no more need of blood. We'll test this, and if we can, inject a concentrate of Calamitite into your bloodstream. You'll become the final product of Project Alibi."

"Project Alibi?"

"Aye. You'll be able to do anything you so desire. That little chip in your neck turned excess cholesterol in the bloodstream into an aqueous solution of Calamitite, $\text{RuAs}_2\text{ClO}_4 \rightarrow \text{HOH} \rightarrow \text{RuAs}_2\text{ClO}_4$ crystals, and fat. The fat was then used to power the chip. If you're wondering where all of that ruthenium, astatine, and chlorine came from, it's simple. Your food."

"So you've been poisoning my brother and I all this time, for a substance that, if I know my chemistry, shouldn't be possible, all to complete some dumb project named after an explanation of why one is not guilty?"

"Aye. It will be worth it to you soon."

With that, the vat started to boil.

"We're removing the water. Soon all that will be left is calamitite and dead cells. We'll leave those in, melt the calamitite, and inject the molten calamitite and the food for your cells (made out of your cells) back into you."

"Won't that burn me from the inside out?"

"Nope! The melting point of calamitite is thirty degrees centigrade at seven hundred and sixty Torricellis."

"In english?"

"It might actually cool you down."

And thus, the process started.

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